

Strict Integrity, Efficient Service, A Clean, Complete Stock, Small Profits and Quick Returns are the Watchwords at the

Department Store

JEWELRY, WATCH REPAIRS, INDIAN BRACELETS
Best Native Jeweler and Engraver in Alaska Employed for This Department of the Store

Curios, Souvenirs, Postals, Stationery, Books
and Periodicals, Cigars and
Tobaccos

Large Stock of General Merchandise Always on Hand, Wholesale or Retail

Local Agent for Eastman Kodak Co., Victor Talking Machine Co.,
Washington and Mayer Shoes—the best all around line of Shoes
in Alaska.—Amazon Hip Rubbers—the best yet, good looking and
strong and guaranteed.—Finck's Overalls, Bridge & Beach Stoves,
Ivy Flour—"it clings like the ivy"—once tried, always used.

AGENT FOR ALL ALASKA FOR

THE CELEBRATED KEYSTONE LUBRICATING GREASE

Use Density No. 6 in place of engine and general machinery oil. It will save you 50 per cent.
Net prices on wholesale lots of 400 pounds quoted f. o. b. factory

Furs Purchased at Highest Prices

Direct connections with manufacturers on the Pacific Coast enable us to offer prices
that will beat the Eastern and European markets. Don't ship your mink, marten,
fox or other skins, but sell them for better prices, here, and support the home trade.

Forwarding by steamers and canoes. Contracts for canoes on the Stikine. Reliable information
to big game hunters, prospectors and tourists a specialty.

Farquhar Matheson

Successor to F. W. CARLYON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

WILL VIEW DRY STRAITS

Capt. Pillsbury, U. S. Eng., Goes
Today for That Purpose

Under date of May 8, Mayor McCormack received from Skagway the following telegram:

"Will arrive at Wrangell on Humboldt to make preliminary examination of Dry Straits. PILLSBURY."

Capt. Pillsbury is attached to the war department, and this would seem to be an indication of business. The Humboldt did not arrive until Wednesday, and Capt. Pillsbury will go over the ground today.

SHOOTING MUST BE STOPPED

There is an ordinance in the records of the Wrangell council which makes it a misdemeanor to discharge firearms inside the corporate limits of the town. Up to this time the ordinance has not been enforced, but the growing practice of shooting all manner of game and several recent cases of dangerous tendency, have caused the council to pick up its ears, and the Wrangell public is hereby notified that hereafter any violation of this ordinance will be punished to the full extent of the provisions of the ordinance.

FLOATING DOCK NEEDED

As the number of gasoline launches in this vicinity increases, the question arises, "Would not a good floating dock at Wrangell be a great advantage and convenience?" There are already about a dozen little launches at Wrangell, and prospects for more as time goes on. At the lower stages of the tide it is very difficult and dangerous to get aboard of these little craft, especially for ladies and children, at Reid's slip, and often the pleasure of a launching party is spoiled by some one falling on the slippery planks and receiving severe bruises or ruining a garment, whereas, with a floating dock this trouble would all be obviated.

Such a dock would not cost over \$150, as it would not have to be over twenty or thirty feet square, and a raft of logs, covered with rough boards would be all that is necessary for its construction. Of course, no freight could be handled, for in that event the wharf license would have to be paid. But for the use of pleasure parties in boarding and landing from the smaller launches, and even rowboats, it would prove a great convenience. A few dollars contributed and a little work by the owners of the small launches about town would do the business, and we believe the space for such a dock would be donated or loaned by some public spirited waterfront owner. A meeting of the launch owners is in order to bring this matter to a focus.

P. C. McCormack intends to soon put in a new fence along that portion of his property abutting on Stikine Avenue. Farming operations are now in progress on the big garden.

Laundryman Cook's real business is brick masonry, and he not only does a good job in the laundry line, but builds a fine chimney. This fact is evidenced by the flue he has built in Adj. Smith's new house this week.

It was Captain Wagner who brought the cannery ship up this year, instead of Capt. Marshall, who has been coming up here year after year for so long. Capt. Marshall has tired of a seafaring life and is running a clothing store in San Francisco.

The Taku Jack, A. J. Amundson master, and Tom Dalgetty chief engineer, arrived from the below, Monday evening, with Claude Hawthorn, manager of the Santa Ana cannery, on their way to begin business for the year. They intend to put up 31,000 cases this year.

Tommy Moore, Dick Howard, Carl Shumacher and others, who have spent the winter about sixty miles up the river, hunting, trapping and cutting wood for the river steamers, arrived down last Thursday, all in the best of health and spirits. Mr. Hawkins and son also came down at the same time.

Sunday, May 12th, will be the three hundredth anniversary of the first English Sabbath service held on the American continent. At the service at Saint Philip's church the same lessons will be read and nearly the same prayers used as were used on that day. The subject of the address will be "Three Hundred Years of American Christianity."

Messrs. C. M. Coulter and J. E. Worden have been "chancing around" this week. Having purchased the Cagle property, Mr. Worden wanted to occupy it. As Mr. Coulter lived there it was necessary to vacate, and in order to do this he rented the Mantle property occupied by Mr. Worden. Hence Mr. W. has moved into the J. Ronning house. Mr. C. goes into the Mantle house, and as soon as some needed improvements are made to the property acquired by him, Mr. Worden and family will be "at home."

Little things occur occasionally that will make a man laugh whether he wants to or not. Sunday evening a couple of late arrivals from below got a pretty good jag on and one of them fell off the dock in the narrow space between the Cassiar and Red Men's building. His companion rushed in to Frank Dandy in an excited manner with: "Say, mister, give me the key to your cellar; me chum has fell in and I want to get him out." As the beach was soft where the fellow dropped, he wasn't hurt any; only sobered up a little.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

We Sell the
Dougherty Fittman
Shoe Co.'s

SHOES

The BEST of the Good Ones



Ladies' Shoes
Gent's "
Boys' "
Misses' "
Children's "

We have just received a shipment of the complete stock that ever arrived in Wrangell. Logging Shoes, Work Shoes, Dress Shoes, School Shoes.

St. Michael Trading Company

New Spring Goods Are Arriving Continually
Oil Clothes—Cannery Supplies

Large Assortment Ladies' Suiting and White Goods

Tin Shop in Connection

Camp Stoves, Heaters and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Odd Jobs on Short Notice

Sole Agents for Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Hercules Powder

Local and General

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Be careful where you throw your cigar and cigarette stubs.

Al Osborne has a big shop for rent, suitable for boat building.

There are plenty of low bush cranberries in the marshes near town.

Supt. Fred Willson last week repaired the wharf at the mill by replacing some old and decayed piling with new ones.

L. M. Churchill has been sworn in and entered upon the duties of deputy collector and inspector of customs at this port.

Reid, the man who killed Norman Smith at Hoonah last year, was tried by a jury at Juneau last week, and was acquitted.

Jim Weeks and A. M. Tibbets came in Sunday, after putting in logs for several weeks. They are the boys who get the fine logs.

Parties coming down the river report that rabbit tracks are to be seen almost as far down as salt water. This is said by old timers to be a very rare thing.

J. C. McBride, one of Juneau's jolly, rollicking jokers, was in town two or three days during the week, having all the fun possible out of his many friends in Wrangell.

The ice has left Pat's Lake, and one day during the week Sergt. John Perry and this writer went down, and for one hour's actual fishing, brought home fifty fine trout, weighing on an average of one pound each. This is truth.

That big order of lumber for the government road across Prince of Wales Island was loaded onto scows and left last Thursday in tow of the Alaska for Chukchee Sound.

The Princess May Touched at this port one evening last week and dropped off Messrs. A. E. Radford, H. J. Mc Cain and Geo. E. Irwin, who were on their way up into the Cassiar country to look after the Haskins properties, and Manager Dixon of the Hudson's Bay Company. The three former left Sunday in a canoe manned by Charley Jones and crew, and Johnny Bradley's big canoe left with Mr. Dixon, Monday. These are the first canoes up the river this spring, and they expected to find the Stikine free from ice and at a good stage for boating.

ORDINANCE NO. 22

Fixing the salaries and compensation of officers appointed by the Common Council of Wrangell, Alaska, for the term ending on the first Tuesday in April, 1908.

Be It Ordained by the Common Council of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska:

Section 1.—That the salaries or compensation of the appointed officers of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, for the term of office of the Common Council ending the first Tuesday in April, 1908, shall be as follows:

Salary of Town Clerk, \$25.00 per month.

Salary of Assessor, actual service performed, \$3.00 per day.

Poundmaster, for each dog killed and buried as provided for in Ordinance No. 5, seventy-five cents per dog.

For the removal of small dead animals such as dogs, cats, etc., etc., the Health Board is hereby authorized to employ some person or persons to perform such work, the maximum price to be \$1.00 and the minimum price, fifty cents for each animal so removed, and the Health Board shall designate in what manner and in what location said animal shall be disposed of by burial or otherwise.

The Registrar of voters of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, shall receive the sum of five cents for each name entered on the registration book.

The Street Committee shall, and are hereby authorized, to employ some person or persons to keep the public streets and walks in repair, the maximum price to be paid for such work to be thirty cents per hour.

The Town Treasurer shall be allowed the sum of fifty dollars, to be paid by the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, at the expiration of the term of office of said Treasurer, which allowance will be made for auditing books and making annual report to the Council.

Sec. 2.—The Town Clerk shall, whenever ordered to do so by the Common Council, purchase supplies such as stationery, dog tags, books, etc., for use in conducting the business of the town, and shall present bills for same showing amount purchased and from whom purchased.

Sec. 3.—This ordinance shall be published on the 9th day of May, 1907, in the Alaska Sentinel, a weekly newspaper published in Wrangell, Alaska, and take effect and be in force from and after its passage and approval.

Sec. 4.—All ordinances and parts of ordinances heretofore passed, inconsistent with this ordinance, are, to the extent of such inconsistency, hereby repealed.

Passed and approved this 6th day of May, 1907.

P. C. McCORMACK,
President of the Council and ex-officio Mayor of Wrangell.
Attest: J. E. WORDEN,
Town Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 21

Providing for the registration of births and deaths within the incorporated limits of Wrangell, Alaska.

Be It Ordained by the Common Council of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska:

Section 1.—There shall be a registration of all births and deaths in the Town of Wrangell, Alaska.

Sec. 2.—It shall be the duty of the Town Clerk of Wrangell, Alaska, to keep a record book, which book shall be known as a Birth and Death Registry Book, and it shall be the duty of said Town Clerk to make an entry in said book, whenever requested to do so, of any birth or death in said town, and no charges shall be made for such services.

Sec. 3.—It shall be the duty of any physician, nurse, midwife, accoucher or attendant at childbirth, to report the same to the Town Clerk, and furnish names of parents, date of birth, sex of child and such other information as may be necessary to establish a true record of said birth, and shall in every instance state whether child was legitimate, illegitimate, stillborn, etc., provided said birth takes place within the town limits of Wrangell, Alaska.

Sec. 4.—It shall be the duty of any physician, nurse or attendant to furnish the Town Clerk with information respecting any death that may take place under the charge of such physician, nurse or attendant, and this information must be furnished immediately after said death. The information required to be given must be: First, full name of deceased; second, date of birth, place of birth, alien or citizen of the United States, native or white, length of illness, cause of sickness and such other information as physician, nurse or attendant may have in their possession at the time of death or within a reasonable length of time after said death takes place.

PENALTY

Sec. 5.—Any violation of the foregoing sections of this ordinance shall subject said physician, nurse or attendant to a fine of not less than \$2.00 nor more than \$10 for each offense, and in default of payment of such fine to imprisonment in jail not less than one day nor more than five days, or by both fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the court.

TIME OF TAKING EFFECT

Sec. 6.—This ordinance shall be published on the 9th, 16th and 23rd days of May, 1907, in the Alaska Sentinel, a weekly newspaper published in Wrangell, Alaska, and shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 6th day of May, 1907.

P. C. McCORMACK,
President of the Common Council and ex-officio Mayor of Wrangell.
Attest: J. E. WORDEN,
Town Clerk.

All of Wrangell's stores were kept closed last Sunday, as they will be in the future, excepting when steamers are in port or when the stores are outfitting camps of loggers, etc.

GROCERIES

MEATS

Hazelwood Butter
Hazelwood Eggs
Hazelwood Cheese

Paints and Oils

Window Glass
Window Curtains
Curtain Poles
Picture Frames
Wall Paper
Sign Painting
Paper Hanging

ANYTHING

WALTER C. WATERS

WRANGELL, ALASKA



BANKING BY MAIL IS SAFE AND PRACTICAL

IT IS ALSO VERY SIMPLE, and if you are interested in saving money, write to us about our system of banking by mail, and we will send you a booklet regarding our Savings Department and its 4 PER CENT INTEREST

DEXTER HURTON & CO., BANKERS

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$1,000,000

SEATTLE

THE OLDEST BANK IN WASHINGTON

Wrangell Marble

.... Works

Keep in stock a fine line of monuments and slabs manufactured from the best product of the

Ham Island Marble Quarry

Stones securely crated for shipping to all points in Alaska.

Lowery & Woodbridge

WRANGELL, ALASKA



The Hudson's Bay Co's. Steamer HAZELTON

Will leave Wrangell, Alaska, for Telegraph Creek, B. C., and way points along the Stikine River, on or about

MAY 20, 1907

offering finest accommodations for tourists and hunters.

For rates and other particulars, address

J. P. BUGEY, Master.

G. LOCKERBY, Purser,
Wrangell, Alaska

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

It is much easier to spend than it is to save.

Even an optimist is apt to backslide when he has a bill on the back of his neck.

The Pulajanes have been "almost subjugated." Evidently a few of them are still alive.

There recently died in Germany a man who knew fifty-two languages. He probably couldn't outtalk his wife, at that.

The sugar trust has paid its fines of \$168,000. For a while now its disposition will be sadly in need of sweetening.

In giving the President the Noble peace prize, credit must be allowed the donors for slipping it in while there still was peace.

According to a London physician, music will cure alcoholism. Flinging it to the tune of \$50 and costs has been known to help some.

That woman who says she will have to go and find the North Pole talks as if she thought it had been left in the back yard somewhere.

A forty-six-story building is being erected in New York. The people who have offices on the top floor will have to be good to the elevator man.

Land frauds have been discovered in Western Kansas. There was a time when a man would have been sent to the insane asylum for stealing Kansas land.

Attempts by modern writers to cheapen and belittle Shakespeare have but one effect, and that is to cheapen the world's opinion of the modern writers.

An Alabama bank teller who skipped out with \$100,000 has been declared insane. When it was found that he could have taken twice that sum, no further evidence was needed.

Many a man, it may as well be confessed, has achieved a fair degree of success in life by the simple process of being born into a rich family, inheriting a fortune, and holding on to it.

Even President Roosevelt has his limitations. He can settle fights between nations and do other things that are worth talking about, but he can't make Congress spell according to Andrew Carnegie.

Japan has quit buying British locomotives and is now making her purchases from Germany and the United States. Some of the joints in the Anglo-Japanese alliance are likely to be severely strained now.

"There are," says the Indianapolis Star, "thousands of happy homes for which the trial marriage possesses no charm. Turn the husband and wife loose, and they would marry twice as quick as before." Still it would perhaps be best not to take any needless risk by turning them loose while groceries are high.

Every small boy in the country has built a "scooter" by nailing an upright stick to a barrel stave, and then used it for coasting. As a young lady who used to ride on one remarked, "They go like a whizz-buzz." An enterprising manufacturer has put on the market an elaborate scooter which he calls a "snow-bike," but it is not likely that it will go any faster than the home-made article.

After all is said it must be conceded that the apparent disregard for human life in the United States is largely a tribute to progress and to the industries that constitute prosperity. Even fatal railroad accidents, the largest item in the list, can not be wholly eliminated, though they can and ought to be greatly reduced in number. But railroad accidents are only one item in the list of annual fatalities. There are fatal accidents in mining, building, manufacturing and agriculture. They all claim their victims as a sort of tribute to progress, though a very costly one. Carefully compiled statistics show that in the five great industries of railroad, mining, building, manufacturing and agriculture no less than 536,165 persons are annually killed or injured in the United States. This is at the rate of over one a minute, and it includes only a few of the largest industries.

A characteristic piece of evidence which goes to sustain the contention that the average American, at least, is on honorable and upright man comes from San Francisco. The railroads, appreciating the dire distress of the people in the city following the dreadful earthquake, sold tickets to points outside of San Francisco to all who asked, simply requiring those who had no money to give the ticket agent some sort of acknowledgment that the ticket had been furnished and containing a promise to pay for the same just as soon as holder's financial condition would permit. More than \$90,000 worth of this kind of transportation was furnished by the railroads, and over \$53,000 worth of scrip containing the prom-

ises to pay has been redeemed. We read a great deal these days about the unfeeling robbery of "widows and orphans" by the big corporations; we read of railroads grabbed and unwarranted advances in the necessities of life, but of the plain, everyday, good old American citizen, who sees his name in print perhaps half a dozen times in his life, and then in nonpareil type, we hear very little. And yet he is the finest product of this great republic.

A retired field officer has expressed his belief that four-fifths of the field officers of the line would retire to-day if they could "because of the unrest and unhappiness in the army." Such general unhappiness and unrest would seem to argue a variety of causes; no special reason can be given why the life of the officer in the army has lost its attractiveness to so great a majority of those who lead it. In a time of peace, with not a speck of war cloud anywhere in sight, when promotions are slow and advancement is apparently hopeless; in a time of great commercial prosperity when fortunes seem to be easily made and when millionaires are as abundant as the well to do men of a few years ago, it is perhaps not surprising that the officer on small pay is dissatisfied with his lot and believes that all he needs is the opportunity to jump into a fortune. It is true also that an officer with social qualities has many friends among the civilians who are ready to assist him in any business longings and to encourage him to change his life. More than this, there are not a few men in the army whose training and qualifications attract the attention of corporations and business men, and whose services are eagerly snapped up whenever an opportunity to profit by this training presents itself. Such men seem, therefore, to have an incentive to leave the army. On the other hand, there are those who should wisely let well enough alone. If there are hundreds or thousands of millionaires and men who are apparently on the safe road to wealth, there are also thousands of those who have fallen miserably by the wayside. Though a man may serve faithfully and creditably in the army, it does not follow that he may leave at any time and acquire millions. Indeed, the converse of the proposition is more likely to be the truer. The army has its advantages even in time of peace. The living is assured and the pay is regular. Further than this, the officer who conforms to regulations knows that he has no worry for the future, and that his reasonably grateful country will support him though he lives many years after the period of retirement. If his pay is not large it is at least adequate for his support, and an officer of the army, who is also a gentleman, has a dignified standing in society that is not without its compensatory value. Doubtless the wave of commercial prosperity and the continued assertion of so many "business chances" have not a little to do with such unrest and unhappiness as have been specified. But it is probable that the retired officer quoted has overstated his case and that no such general dissatisfaction prevails. Uncle Sam is not a grinding taskmaster, and his servants are always sure of their money.

Treats Them as Children.
A New York police justice has discovered a sure method of dealing with big schoolboys and young college fellows who create trouble in public places and then plead "fun" and the baby act when apprehended. He takes them at their word and treats them as babies.
A lot of young fellows attending the City College engaged in a series of annoying stunts on a subway platform. When arrested they took the usual stand of youthful innocence, with the usual youthful plea.
"All right," said Justice Olmsted. "If you are young children who know no better I will treat you as such. You are remanded in care of the Children's Society."
There was some lively kicking from the husky young fellows, but an officer took them to the rooms of the society, where for several days they were penned in with real children and fed on childish diet. When again brought into court they were fined \$3 each. At the college they are now known as "the baby squad."—Cleveland Leader.

The Family Honor.
"Bobby," asked the teacher of the class in arithmetic, addressing the question to one of the younger pupils, "how many pints are there in a gallon?" "I've forgot it again, ma'am," said Bobby, who found it hard to commit to memory the tables of weights and measures.

Thinking that perhaps by turning from the abstract to the concrete she might succeed better in stimulating his power of recollection, the teacher tried another trick.
"Bobby," she said, "your father is a milkman, isn't he?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Well, now, think as hard as you can. He sometimes sells a gallon can full of milk, doesn't he? Just so. Well, when he does, how many pints of milk are there in that gallon can?"
"It's all milk, ma'am," indignantly exclaimed Bobby.

Making Butter in Armenia.
Butter in Armenia is made in churns suspended by ropes from the rafters and shaken from side to side by the women.

When a man is particularly disagreeable, there are those who say: "He has great strength of character."

THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

Some Schemes of Wildcat Promoters for Parting the Two.

The fact that one of the firms of pseudo-bankers infesting lower Broadway has been taking the fools' money for five years is an indication of its success, says Success.

Now half a dozen mushroom "banking" houses, with elaborately furnished quarters in New York, and branch offices in all the larger towns in this country and Canada and even abroad, are using this ingenious scheme to sell spurious mining, oil and manufacturing stocks.

The house most successful at the game has forty branch offices here and abroad, besides agents in many smaller towns. It brings out a new company every little while and sells the stock usually by the mail order and agency system.

Years of experience have given these parasite promoters an invaluable "sucker list"—little investors all over the country whose financial credulity has not been shaken by repeated losses. These "investors"—wage earners, country merchants, clergymen, teachers and other professional men—are reached through circulars and letters.

The first stocks sold by this house paid cash dividends for a while, and the "investors" who were doubling and tripling their savings bank incomes spread the glad tidings among their friends. The cash dividends were followed by scrip dividends—in some cases by no dividends at all. The stockholders who complained too loudly were offered in exchange for their unsatisfactory stocks other stocks in new companies brought out by the house.

A "trust fund" established "for the protection of investors" is made up, supposedly, of sound mining stocks, and when an investor gets tired of one spurious stock he can send it in and exchange it for something else. This, of course, is just as spurious, but it keeps the victim quiet for a while.

He is advised to hold the stock until the mine strikes the expected bonanza ore, when the stock will rapidly increase in value. In this manner the house manages to keep its dupes quiet for many months and to sell them more stock besides.

JAPAN TO OWN RAILROADS.

Nation to Pay Double the Cost of the Private Lines.

Now that the Japanese government has undertaken to nationalize seventeen private railways, having a total of 2,887 miles of line, at a cost of \$21,500,000 yen (\$210,000,000), or about \$73,000 a mile, the latest annual report of Ichiji Yamanouchi, director of the Imperial bureau of railways of Japan, for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1905, becomes of the highest historical and comparative value.

The total mileage open for traffic in 1905 was 4,693, divided as follows: Government railways, 1,461 miles; private railways, 3,232 miles. This showed an increase of nearly 198 miles over 1904.

Calculating the Japanese yen at 50 cents (commercially 49.5 cents), the cost of construction of the mileage was:

	Cost.	Per mile.
Government railways	\$ 78,051,840	\$52.054
Private railways	120,502,452	37.284
Totals	\$198,554,292	\$44.882

It will be perceived that the Japanese government now pays almost double the original cost of constructing the private railways, and there is no suggestion of graft or excessive valuation in the transaction. The price paid was twenty times the average of the net earnings from operation for 1902, 1903 and 1904, divided by the cost of construction and multiplied by the paid-up capital.—Railway Age.

SPOILED HIS PLAN.

Worm Wrecked Michigan Man's Crop of Railroad Ties.

The best laid plans of mice and men go often wrong. Dr. A. H. Sauerman, who lives a few miles east of Union City, Mich., conceived a plan a few years ago whereby he expected to make a fortune. He planted quite a tract of land of yellow locust trees, setting them close together in rows, the tract containing something like 50,000 thrifty young trees. Their growth was hastened by frequent cultivation, good fertilizing and irrigation and they attained a most thrifty growth until last autumn.

Dr. Sauerman's idea was to care for these trees for a few years until they had reached a sufficient growth to be used for railroad ties, when they were to be marketed and the tract of ground replanted again to trees. An investigation showed that a small worm was creating havoc with the trees, boring into the trunks and in some cases weakening the trees so that they fell over in a strong wind. And thus the genial doctor's visions of a fortune have gone a-glimmering.—Manistee Times.

There's Nothing New.
The Chinese had the printing press when Moses was a boy, And printed all the news, I guess, About the fall of Troy. The things that ours we proudly call—Machines to reap and sow—The Chinese knew about them all Six thousand years ago.

Gunpowder, paper, ice cream, steel—
They knew about each one Before the Roman placed his heel The conquered world upon. They hit on everything, twould seem, And I've no doubt, O no, Some Chinese poet used this scheme Six thousand years ago! Louisville Courier Journal.



My Grandmother's Old Armchair.
My grandmother she At the age of eighty-three One day in May was taken ill and died, And after she was dead The will, of course, was read, By the lawyer, as we all sat side by side. To my brother it was found She had left a hundred pounds; The same to my sister, I declare; But when it came to me, The lawyer said: "I see Granny's only left to you her old armchair."

CHORUS.
How they tittered, how they laughed!! How my sister and my brother at me chaffed, When they heard the lawyer declare "Granny's only left to you her old armchair."

I thought it hardly fair, But still I did not care. In the evening I took the chair away. The neighbors at me laughed, My brother at me chaffed, Said he: "John, the chair will be of use to you some day. When you settle down in life And find some girl to be your wife The chair will be of use to you, I declare. On a cold and stormy night, When the fire is burning bright, You can sit in your old armchair."

What my brother said was true, For in a year or two, I, strange to say, was settled down in life. At first the girl I courted, And then the ring I bought, I took her to the church, and she's my wife. Oh! that dear old girl and me Were as happy as could be, And when my work was over, I declare I never cared to roam, But always stayed at home, And would sit in my old armchair.

One night the chair broke down And on picking up I found The bottom had fallen out upon the floor, And right before my eyes I saw to my surprise Notes for a thousand pounds or more. When my brother heard of this Why, the fellow, I confess, Was maddened with rage and tore his hair.

But I only laughed at him, And said to him: "Jim, Don't you wish you had the old armchair?"

CHORUS (to last verse).
How I tittered, how I laughed, How I at my brother and my sister chaffed, When I heard the lawyer declare "Granny's left a fortune in the old armchair!"

SOME RURAL SAYINGS.

There Are Many of Them in Which Belief Can Still Be Found.

While signs and sayings are not so rare as they once were in the New England country, they are still extant to a considerable degree among the old people, and perhaps still more so among the children. This sort of thing always has appealed to the imagination of the child, and very likely always will. Clifton Johnson tells in the New England Magazine a number of bits of superstitious lore which he gathered from an elderly farmer familiarly known as "Gramp," diminutive for "grandpa." Their first experience together, with the witchazel crotch, seeking for water, did not prove to be successful, for although the crotch, which the old farmer held firmly in both hands, with the extremity pointing vertically in the air, tipped strongly downward when over a certain spot, subsequent digging failed to disclose any water. The farmer's faith in the method, however, was not in any way dissipated.

Another superstition in which the farmer placed implicit confidence was that storms always clear off at 9 in the morning, at noon, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at sunset, at midnight, or at sunrise. Mr. Johnson feels, however, that it would be a very ingenious storm which could clear off at a time sufficiently removed from the times named not to be assigned to one of them by the weatherwise. It is also believed that the weather on any given day will be as it is between 12 and 2 in the morning. A cold snap can be depended upon if the dog comes into the house and puts his head under the mat. If the wind dies down at sunset it will blow again the next day. One of the popular feminine beliefs is that if a pin is held between the teeth while peeling onions it will prevent the tears coming. Rats can be driven out of a house by catching one, tarring and feathering it and turning it loose.

A simple cure for hiccoughs is for the afflicted one to see how near together he can hold his little fingers without their touching. Toothache may be prevented by cutting a little from each toe and finger nail, wrapping the cuttings in white paper or birch bark and putting them in a hole bored in a pine tree. "Close the hole by plugging," said the farmer, "and you won't have any trouble from aching teeth as long as you live." Unfortunately this will not prevent the loss of teeth by decay. Rheumatism can be cured by putting mustard in the shoes, and nose-bleed by putting a piece of paper under the tongue or a key on the back of the neck. A cure-all almost equal to some advertised remedies is water bottled at a spring on Easter morning before sunrise. "Drink a little of it if anything is the matter inside of you and

If you have a sore spot rub it on outside," advised the old farmer. "You'll be surprised to see what it does for you, no matter what disease you've got."

Unfortunate fishermen will do well to heed the admonition not to cut a twig to string the fish on until the first is caught. If they do this they cannot hope to catch any fish. Carrying a cat across running water must be especially guarded against. "It will," announces "Gramp," "ruin your life. You might just as well take a dose of deadly poison and be done with it. Guests of seaside resorts, too, may save themselves much unnecessary exercise by remembering that when one kills a mosquito two will come to the funeral and the unfortunate person will be bothered worse than before.—New York Tribune.

MIGHT PUZZLE THE BARD.

Suppose Macbeth's Ghost Should Meet That of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare has lately been denounced as a snob, and I am afraid that affair of the bogus coat of arms shows that he was not entirely free from the snobbery of feudalism, but no one knew better than he—no one felt more strongly than he—that above all monarchs sits a great suzerain, the Lord of the Pen, who uses kings and who utters truths or lies according to his pleasure, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. When Charles XII. wanted his librarian to hand from the library a volume of history, he used to say, "Give me my liar." And well he might. But if you come to the line accomplishment of lying, what is the mere jog-trot muse of history to the muse of poetry, against whose slanderous utterances there is no appeal?

Supposing that in the unknown country of shadows which lies beyond the stars of the shade of King Macbeth, son of Finlaech (who fell at the battle of Lumphannon, after having for seventeen years reigned over Scotland—reigned with so generous a hand that he was called "Macbethad the Liberal")—supposing that this wronged hero in hell should happen to meet the shade of the author of Macbeth, and suppose that the warrior-king should protest, with the meekness that becomes a king in confronting a poet, against the wrong done to his memory—suppose he should ask the poet what was his justification for having depicted him as the protagonist of assassine—him who had never killed a man in his life save in open battle, while Duncan, his supposed victim, really did succeed to the Scottish throne because his path had been somehow made clear for him by a family murder—suppose Macbeth should presume to ask such a question of the poet, what reply would the shade of the suzerain make? Would he deign to make any reply at all, or would he simply beckon to the shade of Raphael Hollinshed (from whose chronicle the story of Macbeth is drawn) to relieve him from the irksomeness of answering idle questions?

MORQUE MAN FEARS CRICKETS.

Night Attendant Flee When He Hears One.

Fright is a condition unknown to Fritz Wederman, except when he hears a cricket, says the New York World. For twelve years Fritz has been a night employe of the Philadelphia morgue, and for four years he has been sleeping there.

Yet this man, who can handle a body with as little emotion as if he were putting ice in a refrigerator, to whose nostrils the odor of disinfectants is as grateful as that of violets to a spring poet, has one vulnerable spot in his armor of unconcern, and it is pierced by the chirp of a cricket.

Nothing so sinister as a centipede or so threatening as a mouse can shake Fritz' stolid sensibilities, but a cricket, a little, hopping, skipping cricket, with its ragtime chirp, can throw him into a clammy perspiration. Then his voice quavers like that of a woman who has just discovered moths in her best carpet, and dozens of sturdy shivers go sprinting up and down his spinal column.

When asked about this idiosyncrasy, Fritz was down in the cold, chit basement, and as he spoke he shored a body back into its compartment with the affectionate concern of a housewife putting a loaf of bread into the oven.

"Yes," he admitted, trembling. "I'm afraid of them crickets. I don't know why it is. I ain't afraid of nothing else in the world, but if I hears 'em in der room I'm all over in a tremble."

"Vun night—I was about at midnight—I was down in der basement fixing up an arrival von 'tveek' went vun of dem crickets in der vall. Vell, I was so scared I let der ice fall and broke it into bleeces and mit all my might I hurried to der office up, und der electric light turned on full. Den, py und py, I sneaked out on tiptoe, like dis." (And he gave a ponderous demonstration of his methods.)
"I tell you," he added, "I don't want no crickets in der morgue. I won't even taken der det body of an unidentified crickets, for you can't never be sure vot dose crickets are going to do, lining or det."

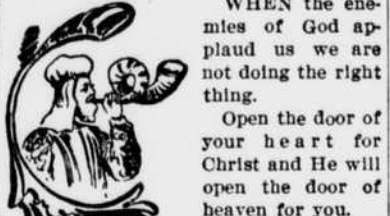
Snow Shoveling Next.

Citizen—How are things with you?
Busy?
Subbubs—No, but I'll bet we're due to have a heavy fall of snow pretty soon.

Citizen—What do you mean?
I don't understand—
Subbubs—Well, I stopped cutting grass nearly two weeks ago.—Philadelphia Press.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



WHEN the enemies of God applauded us we are not doing the right thing.

Open the door of your heart for Christ and He will open the door of heaven for you.

Don't go with the crowd just because it is a crowd.

The man who is envious of evil-doers will soon be one himself.

Do away with a personal devil, and there is no need of the church.

Gray hair and wrinkles may come, but a happy heart is always young.

Prove that Moses made no mistakes, and you prove that he was not a man.

When self-righteousness gets up in the night to pray nobody else can sleep.

The great man of to-day is only a sample of what all men will some day be.

When some folks read the Bible the last thing they want to know is the truth.

Better ventilation in the churches would make the devil work harder for what he gets.

John the Baptist had no enemies until he began to say, "Behold the Lamb of God."

When heating a furnace for your enemy, don't forget that you may get into it yourself.

What business has the preacher in the pulpit, unless his business there is the Lord's business?

UTAH'S BURNING MINES.

Coal Deposits that Have Been Burning for Ages.

Through a long line of cliffs from Colorado to central Utah, and then southwest toward Arizona, extensive beds of coal are found, and recent geological investigation into this coal formation of the far West has developed what may be termed burning mountains, or coal beds, a fire with surface indications of constant combustion for ages past.

The coal fields of Utah are somewhat widely separated, and even the known fields have been comparatively little explored; therefore very little is known of their productive area.

The edges of these beds come to the surface in these cliffs nearly 1,000 feet above the bordering desert, and in ages past this coal has burned into the mountain cliffs until smothered by the accumulations of ashes and covering of superincumbent rocks. In places the heat of the burning coal has been so intense as to melt the rocks.

From surface appearances the fires have gone out in these cliffs, but at one point in the canyon of Prince river, where the coal is being mined, the rocks are found to be uncomfortably hot and the miners were compelled to retire for fear the fires would again break out.

Other coal fields lie in the desert west of Green river. At two places near tributaries of Fremont river the coals are burning, and have been with-out cessation since they were discovered by the earliest explorer. The origin of these fires has been the subject of much speculation.

Three explanations are commonly heard among the Mormons, who inhabit this peculiar country where the mountains burn.

One explanation is that lightning has by chance struck the edges of these coal beds at various times since these mountains were lifted up.

Another is that forest fires raging in the mountains came in contact with exposed coal. The more thoughtful point out that the forests in this desert region are too sparse for forest fires to occur.

Still another and more common explanation is that the Indians built their campfires under the protecting ledges of the mountains against the coal and it was thus ignited. They point to the fact that there are ruins of the habitations of cliff dwellers here, and that in their day the coals began to burn.

Fine Hospital in Egypt.

Egypt can now pride herself on a hospital service the like of which is probably not to be found in the whole world. Some time ago Ernst Cassel gave \$300,000 to the Egyptian government to establish ambulant eye hospitals. Dr. Max Callan of London was intrusted with the organization of the service and he has accomplished his task.

The ambulant hospital has the appearance of a military camp. A number of tents accommodate the patients and their attendants, the largest serving as an operating room. Camp was pitched for the first time near Mansiela, in the Nile Delta, and Dr. Callan, with his native assistants, treated there the diseases that are caused by the terrible dust raised by the hot wind at the equinox.

At present the hospital, under Dr. Callan's personal supervision, is in the oasis Medina-el-Fayun, where already over 18,000 Egyptians have received medical treatment.

Brought Up to It.

"Medical students seem to be an especially disorderly set of young men."
"That may be so, but you must remember that their studies lead them to be always cutting up."—Baltimore American.

It's cheaper to express our opinion than it is to send it by mail.

DOOR LOCKS ARE EASY.

Expert Finds Only One Fastener Warranted to Keep Out a Crook.

"There's only one lock in the world that I can't open if you'll give me a few minutes at it, and as for ordinary door and drawer locks, I'll open them as easily as if there was no lock there. Any expert burglar can do the same." The foregoing statement was made by an experienced locksmith of this city.

"Few persons know how insecure their homes are," he continued. "Few persons realize that the average lock is absolutely worthless for keeping out an experienced burglar. The ordinary door lock is good for nothing but reminding casual business or social callers that they must ring to be admitted. None of these ordinary door fasteners—and that's the best you can call them—will deter a burglar two whole minutes. If there's no key in the lock he soon finds one to it. If there is a key in the lock, he inserts a pair of pliers and in ten seconds has it opened. Understand me—I am speaking of the experienced burglar. The clumsy burglar is the one who gets into trouble. He'll fumble around with a lock until somebody hears him. There is only one unpickable lock made. That's the six-pin lock made by the government. It will defy any expert. There are six little steel pins in the lock, which have to be raised just a certain distance to open it. Some of the pins are one-fourth of an inch long and some of them half an inch. If one of the pins lacks even a hair's breadth of being raised the proper distance, the lock will not open. It baffles all the experts."

This locksmith is so expert he can open the majority of the safes by putting his ear to the combination and listening to how the tumblers click into places as he turns it.

"I intended at one time to be a burglar," this locksmith declares. "I had it all planned out, even had a set of burglar's tools made. Then I decided that honesty was the best policy and I stuck to my trade."—Kansas City Times.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Visitor—How is it that you can only count up to ten, Tommy? Small Tommy—Cause that's all the fingers I've got.

Uncle Joe—If you keep on, Harry, you'll soon know as much as the teacher. Harry—Huh! I'd know as much now if I had the book before me all the time like she does.

"Why do you want a light left in your room when you go to bed, dear?" asked Elsie's mother. "Are you afraid?" "No, mamma," replied Elsie; "I want it so I can see to go to sleep."

Little Nellie—Oh, mamma, I met a little girl to-day who never saw a cow! Mamma—Indeed! Who is she? Little Nellie—I don't remember her name, but she said her papa was a milkman.

"Mamma," queried little Florence, "should I say pants or trousers?" "Trousers, my dear," replied the mother. "Then," said Florence, "I must give Fido some water, for he trousers just awfully."

"Mamma," queried little Fred, "how old will I be on my next birthday?" "You'll be 5 years old if you live, dear," replied his mother. "Yes, but suppose I don't live," continued the small inquisitor, "how old will I be then?"

One day when it was thundering very loud Willie, aged 5, said: "Mamma, I guess the angels must be cleaning house." "Why do you think so, dear?" asked his mother. "Cause," was the reply, "I hear them moving the furniture around."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed little Margie after hearing the story of Adam and Eve, "that old serpent couldn't have tempted me with an apple, 'cause I don't like apples." "But," suggested small Elsie, "s'pose somebody had told you not to eat apples?"

Trifle Absent Minded.
It is seldom that ministers compete with one another to tell stories that task the credulity of their hearers, but upon one occasion Rev. Stephen W. Dana, pastor of the Walnut Street Presbyterian church, carried off the honors. "There was a physician whose absent-mindedness was so marked that it often caused queer complications," said Dr. Dana. "Why, when he was married the minister told him to place the wedding ring on his bride's finger. He reached for her hand, felt her pulse, and, as it was naturally beating faster than normal, exclaimed: 'Let me see your tongue.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Nature's Soap.
Near Ashcroft, in British Columbia, are a number of small lakes, whose shores and bottoms are covered with a crust containing borax and soda in such quantities and proportions that when cut out it serves as a washing compound. The crust is cut into blocks and handled in the same manner as ice, and it is estimated that one of the lakes contains 20,000 tons of this material.

His Scheme.
A beautiful woman named Esther met a man in the dark who caressed her, and she raised such a row that her husband explained how he'd arranged the whole thing just to test her.

—Houston Post.

Even if a woman hasn't anything to talk about she keeps right on talking.

The worst thing about a bore is that it's almost impossible to insult him.

ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1907.

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A. V. R. SNYDER & SON

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
MANAGER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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JOB WORK

This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

TIME IS FLYING

The month of May is almost half gone, and it is none too early to commence preparations for a grand celebration of the Nation's birthday, the glorious Fourth of July. To perfect the details of a successful celebration of the Natal Day requires time, and there is no good reason why we should not commence now, if we are to celebrate, so that the fact may be well advertised in the neighboring towns and villages.

That Wrangell is capable of doing things on short notice was last year demonstrated, when she celebrated with only two day's time in which to arrange and finance the effort. But how many more people would have been here from the near by towns and how much more finances could have been secured if the various committees had had a month, instead of two days, in which to work and advertise?

Let's get busy in this regard, and have a rip-roaring celebration.

Another, and still nearer, event which should have our immediate attention is the day on which, in every quarter of the globe beautified by the Stars and Stripes, tribute is paid to the Nation's dead. Decoration Day comes on the thirtieth day of the present month. Twenty-one days, only, remain in which to prepare exercises for the fitting commemoration of the deeds of valor performed by that glorious band of heroes which prevented the tending asunder of this people. We must not be lax about this matter, nor let the press of business stand between us and a fitting demonstration of the deep regard in which we hold those who sacrificed so much and endured such hardships that the nation might live.

GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

The loveliest season of the year is about due. The beauty of the Alaskan summer is being strongly hinted at in these perfect spring days, and it is time for Wrangell to get into harness for exploiting her myriad advantages, and for passing the word out to the world that she is in her best mood and style to receive the people, and to make life pleasant and profitable for them, no matter whence they shall come.

There is no more ideal summer season in the world than pervades this section of this prosperous land, and year the shifting, visiting, touring world is becoming familiar with the fact. We must not be idle nor indifferent, but get to work on all sides and do and dig and develop and draw.

There should be many more people here this year than last, and there probably will be; and with such an access it were folly to dawdle and procrastinate; and the sum of wisdom to put our best energies at work and garner the fruitage within our reach. To do this effectively, we must get under the lee of the chamber of commerce and boost, boost, boost!

THE PEACE OF NATIONS

Now that the incredible genius of the peoples of the earth have wrought almost everything that can be turned to the comfort, convenience and happiness of mankind, it is within the purview of the logical destiny of man that the era of universal peace should be ushered in to stay.

We need the blessing of universal peace to create a basis upon which all the good things of life above referred to, shall be better and more widely distributed and applied. As things stand now there is a carking realization that the good things of life are illy, unwisely and most unfairly allotted, and hence the dissatisfaction that calls for the peace conferences all over the world.

If the great convention at the Hague can but round up the nations and commit them to the policy of amnesty and forbearance and quietude, we of the several countries will see to it that peace prevails at home, after the sitting at the Dutch capital, if we have to kill off a few hundred thousand of our own fool fellows to accomplish the desired end.

We are for peace at any cost; and it generally costs more than any other commodity, only we do not realize what we are paying for it all the time. Just imagine the calm existence that will ensue when we disband our armies and navies, throw our prison doors wide open, turn our gun factories into gymnasiums and our courts are abandoned to the pacific tenancies of the educators and kindergartens, chuck our six-shooters and rifles and shotguns into the abysmal slough of forgotten wrongs, take up our peace pipes and admit no arguments to supervene. Then we will know what light taxation means, and knowing will make it lighter. The vista that is opened up by this dream of "the peace of nations" is rosy and romantic enough to inspire another Don Quixote, with the table reversed, and quicken the possibilities of an abandoned grave yard. Peace! We'll have it if we have to set the world ablaze with mortal horrors for centuries to come, and prove our faith by dying in pursuit of it.—Ex.

ETERNAL YOUTH

Des Moines comes to the front with a new fad. She has in her midst a society whose cult is "eternal youth."

The object is enticing, and the membership will not lag as long as faddists hold out. The purposes are to so live that disease shall be reduced to a minimum and death be discounted apportionately. The members are fined, suspended and expelled for lesser and greater indulgences in the luxuries of illness, and their lives are to be regulated,

morally, physically and mentally, so as to conform to this principle. On the face of it there is room for all manner of mockery, but underlying it there is a thread of real wisdom and common sense.

The average American of today is living off his or her nerves to a tremendous extent, the pace of business, social and professional life is so swift and exacting that few can stand against the demand and retain normal balances at all, and any scheme of human endeavor or interest that shall reduce the strain, must be welcomed as a direct and palpable benefit.

The title the new society has adopted, is, of course, a misnomer, and as remote from realization as any other of the wild theories extant, but it is within human attainment to make the youth of man of longer duration and far greater joy than is permitted under the regimen now accepted on all sides, and which tend to curtail the essence and vigor of the years allotted to that season. The club may break the ice and set the new rules that shall lend to the better achievement, but beyond this it can not accomplish much. Money, and the feverish pursuit of money, will, so long as money obtains as the chiefest of all aims and desires of the poor human mind, batter down the best and effective of all such hopes. When the moneyless day shall dawn, then will the life of man be prolonged by virtue of the disappearance of man's most damning and destructive agency.

If the government does not see fit to put a buoy on that dangerous rock near Point Shakesy, then it would be the wisest thing the local chamber of commerce could do to fasten a spindle onto the rock as a warning to strange craft entering the harbor.

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FINEST OF CLIMATES

The climate of southeastern Alaska ranges from zero in winter to 90 degrees above in summer, the warm Japan current keeping the temperature up in winter, and the cooling north wind tempering the heated portion of the year. Flowers, vegetable and berries grow in abundance. Wild berries in lavish profusion.

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The fisheries of Alaska need no introduction, as the quantity and quality of their products already attract attention from the marts of the world.

Upwards of a hundred trappers make this place their winter headquarters, and many thousands of dollars' worth of furs are shipped annually.

Deer, bear, duck, geese, etc., abound in such numbers as to make this section a veritable paradise for sportsmen, while caribou, moose, sheep and goats attract hunters from various parts of the globe to the Cassiar hunting grounds on the Stikine River, on which the Hudson's Bay Co. operates an elegant fleet of steamers.

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For further information write to any merchant who care enough for the town to advertise in their home newspaper, or to

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